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PACIFIC

GIVING IS THE NEED.

"Take the fruit I give you," says the bending tree;
"Nothing but a burden is it all to me.
Lighten ye my branches; let them toss in air!
Only leave me freedom next year's load to bear."

"Do my waters cheer thee," says the gurgling spring.
"With the crystal coolness 'tis their life to bring?
Leave me not to stagnate, creeping o'er the plain;
Drink for thy refreshment, drink and come again!"

"Can I yield you blessings?" says the friendly heart.
Fear not I am poorer though I much impart.
Wherefore should you thank me? Giving is my need:
Love that wrought none comfort, sorrow were indeed!"
—Lucy Larcom.

THE PACIFIC

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A CALL FOR A FREEDOM THAT IS FREE.

One of the subjects on the program of the American Missionary Association at the National Council in Kansas City is "Prejudice."

We infer that race prejudice will have consideration in the address on that subject. Certainly, it is one of the most pressing present-day questions, and it is not to be supposed that the meeting at Kansas City will pass without some strong pronouncement thereon.

During the last two months The Pacific has had several editorials and other articles showing that the situation as to the race problems in this country was becoming increasingly ominous. These had to do in the main not with our Pacific Coast problem with reference to the Asiatics, but with the larger national problem growing out of the presence in this land of more than ten million negroes—one out of every ten of our population.

The negro is not enslaved in this country just as he was enslaved before the shackles were broken from him on the battlefields of our civil war; but such is the treatment accorded him that he is not a free man in accordance with the Declaration of Independence and the National Constitution. More and more are the gates of justice being closed against him. Last week The Congregationalist had a strong and greatly needed editorial, entitled "Turning the Negro Back," which was reprinted in full by the New York Post, and quoted extensively by other leading daily papers in the East.

Special condemnation was made therein of the segregation orders now in effect in some of the governmental departments at Washington, notwithstanding the pledge made by Mr. Wilson before he became president that the negroes could count on him for absolute fair dealing. The Rev. Dr. W. C. Pond writes to The Pacific that the editorial in The Congregationalist has set him "all aflame with indignation." That will be the result with many all over our land. But it is evident that the southern political leaders who have inaugurated a movement for a much more complete segregation than has as yet been known have already enlisted in their support people of influence in different parts of the country.

A few weeks ago Senator Newlands of Nevada said in San Francisco that "the whole tendency is toward race

segregation"; that "the mixture of races differing in color is the greatest menace to civilization," and that "we should write the word white in our constitution and restrict suffrage to the people of the white race." And Senator Newlands put himself on record as favoring ultimately the deportation of the negroes to Africa.

Our own thought is that it is integration, not segregation, that is needed. All the forces of the universe are pressing mankind on toward unity. To fight against it is to fight against God. To turn the negro back in this land will be to stop here the wheels of the world's progress. If this should be done here the nation will pay a penalty. On the battlefields of the civil war it paid a terrible penalty for its many years of African slavery. May it remember and beware!

We believe that the welfare of our republic and the interests and advancement of the kingdom of God upon the earth demand that race differences be disregarded and that emphasis be laid on the worth of man as man. Let us not wipe out the verdict rendered in our civil war; let us go forward to better things for the black man; let us see to it that he has a freedom that is free.

PENT-UP FIRES IN CHINA.

It is extremely difficult to arrive at a well-founded judgment of the political situation in China. The collapse of the rebellion in the South leaves smouldering pent-up fires which will ultimately work havoc unless that is accomplished at which the revolutionist have been aiming. It is said by those opposed to Yuan Shi Kai, who is now the head of the republic, that it is a struggle between the forces of democracy and autocracy; that China is not a republic in fact, but only in name; being ruled by one man who has usurped authority, flouted parliament, and all in all betrayed the trust reposed in him by the people.

The Republican Advocate, a weekly paper published in Shanghai, declares that there has been in China a return to conditions that were not thought possible when a little more than a year ago the Manchu despotism was overthrown. "Old forces have arisen with more vigor than ever. Autocracy today sways the land, presaging a bitter strife for liberty. The iron hand grips the people and throttles their aspirations. Terror stalks everywhere. The hands of the executioner are ready to do the bidding of those in power, and these are determined to put down any attempt to regain the newly acquired liberty won so strenuously only two years ago."

The Advocate deprecates what it terms a return to mediaevalism in that the government placarded the country with offers of large rewards for the heads of the leaders of the opposition dead or alive, thus putting a premium upon assassination.

As to Dr. Sun Yat Sen, it is said that it is a matter of common knowledge that since he resigned from the presidential office he has consistently worked in the interest of conciliation and peace; that his course has shown indisputably that his aim is simply to have established a peaceful and prosperous nation.

On the other hand Yuan Shi Kai declares that "Sun Yat Sen and Huang Hsing are criminals of the first magnitude."

"Through them and their co-traitors thousands of lives have been sacrificed in Szechen, Hankow, Nankin, Foochow, Canton and many other places. Cities, villages and farm dwellings and sheds have been destroyed, vast areas of crops ruined by marching bands of rioters or soldiers, women and

young girls assaulted and injured, neighbor turned against neighbor and town against town. And all for what purpose? Simply and solely because the national Government did not see fit to follow the commands of two men who are discredited at home and without friends or influence abroad."

On the 12th of August President Yuan made a statement to a representative of the New York Sun in which he used the foregoing and the following words:

"Are these men patriots, martyrs, or are they traitors and criminals? These individuals were of the self-styled leaders that listened to the temptings of the opium clique and accepted money from the enemies of the Chinese people to be used in fostering anarchy and disorder in a republic that is making brave efforts to stand proudly and honestly among the nations of the earth. Again I ask, are they patriots or are they men who care not for wholesale crime and debauchery so long as their own selfish and unworthy ends may be attained? I will be satisfied with the answer of fair and upright minds throughout the world."

President Yuan said at that time that he had noticed that the Sun had printed much reliable data on China and had not misquoted him, accordingly he sought its columns to present to the American people what he termed "a statement regarding the successful overcoming of tumult, anarchy and rebellion, and a comprehensive view of what the national government is attempting to do for China."

Both by his acts and by this statement President Yuan has made it evident that he believes in the enforcement of the laws. Some of his troubles have arisen out of this stern determination. With reference to opium he says:

"I have been criticised severely because of my attitude toward the users of the drug, and the orders which have been issued in obedience to the will of the National Assembly have been characterized as 'drastic,' 'barbarous' and 'despotic' by my opponents. Perhaps the first term is fitting, but I will not discuss the niceties of phraseology. This I do know, however; that the law of the land declares it to be a capital offence to buy, sell, loan, give, take, borrow, or use opium, or to assist in any one of these; and so long as I am in the office of President it is my purpose to see that that law is neither laughed at nor made null and of no effect."

President Yuan was criticized severely both at home and abroad for declining to interfere with the execution of three women at Shanghai and seven at Hankow who had been convicted of being under the influence of opium after having had repeated warnings from inspectors and magistrates. He says concerning this:

"I was asked to save their lives because they were women; because as one Hankow Christian minister wrote, it was 'brutalizing to execute a woman, especially a mother.' I replied to his letter and asked among other things if any sight could be more brutalizing and degrading than to see a woman, and especially a mother, devoid of all decency and moral life through the effects of the drug. And I wonder to what extent husbands and sons would go in the defiance of law and decency if we were to excuse and condone this gnawing and devouring cancer whenever possessed by women and mothers. No, the law is a good one, the noblest statute ever enacted in China or any other country, and there need be neither hopes on the one hand nor fears on the other that it will not be enforced sharply and unerringly by the Government."

With reference to his difficult task as head of the republic President Yuan remarked:

"That the national government should exhibit any

strength and that it should insist upon its rightful mandates being carried out in spirit and in letter was a surprise to many people of influence who had long known the easy-going ways of the monarchy in such matters. Some of the people seemed to imagine that the national assembly was enacting laws as a pastime, that cabinet ministers were idlers holding places of honor but doing nothing and that the orders of the chief executive could be obeyed or laughed at at will.

"When it became manifest that the authority of Pekin was paramount and that the Government intended to govern immediately there were cries of 'monarchy' and 'empire.' These cries were not from the people, from the laboring millions, the tradesmen, or even the landed gentry, but from certain parts of the highminded literati and the more or less powerful mandarins and high office holders in the provinces. Of course the professional agitators and ever-talking 'patriots' joined the hue and cry against the 'republican-monarchy' at Pekin, and widely asserted that the next step would be the crowning of the President.

"The majority of people, some too busy with other affairs, and some with minds untrained for logical reasoning, allow others to do their thinking for them and immediately accept the conclusions offered them, however illogical, fantastic or wicked these may be.

"It was in this way that thousands of dull-minded or thoughtless people were brought recently into conflict with constituted authority, suffering eventually in their persons or properties for their acceptance of the radical doctrines dinned into their ears by unscrupulous demagogues. Sun Yat-sen, Gen. Huang H'sing, Dr. Chong and Prof. Lee were the leaders in this campaign of deceit and treason. Publicly and privately, by speech and by printed document, these men worked upon the feelings of the masses in certain neighborhoods and brought upon a new and peaceful republic a series of tumults and plunderings that for the sake of conciseness rather than because of any real unity of thought or purpose on the part of the disturbers we have dignified by the name rebellion.

"They succeeded in arousing parts of five of the eighteen provinces; they succeeded in shedding much blood and devastating a vast amount of property; they succeeded in paralyzing commerce for an entire season along two of our greatest waterways. Is this all? No, far from it—they accomplished some good! They succeeded in convincing the world, China, and above all their own narrow and blighted minds, that the national authority of China is supreme over every foot of land and every man, woman, child and animal within her borders."

But there is, again, the other side, to which we turn. Dr. Hagar, who is a friend of the revolutionists, has furnished us with a copy of The China Republican in which was printed the manifesto by General Chen Chi-mei, which declares that Yuan Shi Kai bribed members of parliament so that that body was thoroughly demoralized; that he worked his personal desires without regard to the constitution, completely shattering the same; that "those who dare to admonish him in the morning are punished the same evening, so that the national conscience is deadened, and every one in danger."

The Republican Advocate states that ninety per cent. of the population is directly dependent on agriculture and that no country needs money for railway and industrial development more than China. Nevertheless, just as Dr. Sun was on the point of bringing the labors of months of careful work to a successful issue he was arbitrarily dismissed as a director of the Chinese National Railway on the

sole authority of Yuan Shi Kai," and "simply because he differed from him politically."

In general, it is charged such has been the conduct of the president that notwithstanding the collapse of the rebellion there is a wide-spread feeling that only by a complete turning about on the part of Yuan Shi Kai can there be any permanent peace in China. This, we believe is Dr. Hagar's thought. However, it must be admitted that the missionaries and the foreigners generally in China stand with Yuan Shi Kai. On the 4th of September Mr. Sun Fu, the son of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, now a student in the University of California, wrote to Dr. Hagar at Claremont a letter, parts of which were published in a paper in that town, in which was quite bitter criticism of the Rev. Mr. Thwing, formerly a friend of Dr. Sun's, and who now condemns him. Sun Fu closes his letter with the assertion that the world courts only success and that if his father were still in power such men as Mr. Thwing would not denounce him as they now do. Sun Fu declares that even members of parliament are executed by President Yuan without trial, and that to Yuan the constitution is a mere paper affair.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Mr. Charles G. Dawes of Chicago has erected a building in memory of his son in which needy men will be lodged for five cents a night and in which meals will be furnished for five cents.

Only one half of the Protestant Church members in this country give to missions. It is estimated that four cents a member each week would enable the societies to send out enough missionaries to evangelize the world in this generation.

The property of the Y. W. C. A. in St. Louis is taxed now to the amount of \$2000 a year. It was assessed last year, and the matter was carried into the courts. The decision was that the tax should be paid because part of the building is used for business purposes. The defense was that the proceeds of such rentals were used for the Association work.

Union Theological Seminary has offended conservative Presbyterians by the appointment of the Rev. Dr. Henry Preserved Smith as librarian. Suspended from the Presbyterian ministry several years ago because of his liberal theology, Dr. Smith has since been in the Congregational ministry, and latterly a professor in the Unitarian Theological Seminary at Meadville, Pennsylvania.

The first international convention of the Disciples of Christ to be held outside the United States is being held this week in Toronto. This is the first "delegate" convention to be held by the Disciples of Christ, all previous conventions being simply mass meetings. At the annual convention held in Louisville, Ky., in 1912, it was voted to change the existing order and make future conventions "delegated bodies," with representatives from local congregations. Five thousand delegates were elected this year, and an immense assemblage of delegates and visitors was planned for.

The biennial Convention of the Anti-Saloon League of America is to be held at Columbus, Ohio, November tenth to thirteenth inclusive. It is anticipated that there will be twenty thousand delegates in attendance at that Convention; at which time the League will doubtless launch its campaign for Nation-wide Prohibition; and at which time a committee of one thousand will be appointed who shall go to Washington next December, at the opening of Con-

gress and formally present to both branches of Congress the amendment to be fought for. It will be a historic convention.

For the first time in three years the state of Kansas shows a gain in population. The figures given out last month are 1,685,000, a gain of 16,000 over last year. The loss in the preceding three years was over 50,000 and this in spite of a high average of prosperity and evidences of wealth among the people as a whole. The gains have been made largely in the cities, the country population increasing little. The tendency is toward larger rather than smaller farms just now as the use of improved machinery brings ability to handle more land. The problem of help has driven the farmer to utilizing modern methods and contract labor. Efforts to turn the tide back toward more diversified farming and to keep the boys on the farm are being put forth, and the changing tide of population may mark a new era's beginning.

Seeking an answer to the question, "How do negroes use their education?" an investigation has been made and statistics have been compiled concerning the careers of the graduates and former students of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute of which Booker T. Washington is principal. It was ascertained that 96 per cent. of the Tuskegee graduates had given a satisfactory account of themselves, and that the great majority of them had used their education for the purposes which the founders of the Institute had in mind—going back to their homes and showing their less fortunate neighbors the modern and economical way of conducting different trades. Two hundred and fifty graduates and former students were doing well in the Birmingham district, the most thickly populated section of Alabama. These negroes were found working in thirty-one different industries: Agriculture, architecture, baking, blacksmithing, book-keeping, brick-masonry, cabinet-making, cooking, domestic service, dressmaking, stationary engineering, electrical engineering, firemen, horticulture, harness-making, machinists, millinery, mining, moulding, trained nursing, painting, plumbing, printing, sawmilling, shoemaking, tailoring, tin-smithing, wheelwrighting and woodturning. Many of them were conducting independent concerns. A large number supplemented their regular occupation by other work; many teachers, for example, were also engaged in farming.

President Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary has suggested the Rev. Dr. Wm. Horace Day of Los Angeles for moderator of the Congregational National Council, saying in the last number of *The Congregationalist*: "Rev. Dr. William Horace Day of Los Angeles is splendidly worthy of this high honor both in personal qualities, in resource and initiative, in executive ability, in pulpit and platform power. He is pastor of the largest Congregational church on the Pacific Coast, one of the half dozen largest in the land. We have few ministers or laymen who are his equals in wise and brave counsel or in kindling and constructive leadership. He is a most capable presiding officer. His services in council chamber and among the churches between the national meetings would be everywhere fraternal, generous and inspiring. There is no man who would lead us more reliably and fruitfully in these critical years of advance. In any case, the moderatorship ought to go this year to a Western man. The Pacific Coast has never had the honor. Distance need no longer forbid." All of which all Pacific Coast Congregationalists can heartily endorse. Dr. Day has already been suggested for the secre-

taryship. That will be a position calling for just such qualities as Dr. Day has, if the new constitution should be adopted. That, however, would take Dr. Day away from the Pacific Coast, and the moderatorship would not be such as to interfere with the work of a pastorate.

Among the delegates to the Congregational National Council is Governor Baldwin of Connecticut, who has been mentioned for moderator. The Boston Transcript says: "There are various protests against this candidacy on account of the stand which he took in favor of Sunday sports in his State. A large number of people urged him to veto the bill at the time it passed, but he refused. The result is said to be the making of Sunday baseball a common pastime throughout the State, not only by amateur clubs, but frequently by the professionals. Tickets have been openly sold to thousands of spectators. Dr. Kneeland, secretary of the Lord's Day League, attended one of these games in Bridgeport on a recent Sunday and gave a report of it that evening to the churches, as a time of noise, disorder and general hilarity on the part of a large contingent of sports. The Bridgeport Telegram reported his address very fully in which the governor was scored in headlines. President Henry Churchill King of Oberlin College is a prominent candidate, representing the Middle West, and is thought by many churchmen to be a natural successor to Moderator Boynton, from the eastern side of the country."

In the last number of Harpers' Weekly Honore Willis writes: "Mr. Wilson was told that Mr. Bryan would find it impossible to smother his own ideas so as to follow the President's lead. This was a place where the President's capacity for recognizing a friend was invaluable. Many say that Mr. Bryan is over ambitious; that he is inefficient in his work; that he neglects his office while he takes the Chautauqua tour. But Mr. Wilson says that he has no more loyal adherent than Mr. Bryan; no one who so persistently puts himself last, one who is so little insistent on patronage. The other members of the cabinet love him and speak of him as 'dear old Bryan.' He more than any one else made possible the holding together of the party and will make possible the passing of the President's measures. He represents six million votes. Mr. Bryan has never been so great in his life as he has been in the cabinet where he has made himself persistently second for the welfare of the President and the party. Nor does any one in the cabinet spend more hours at his job than does Bryan. He is at his office twelve to fourteen hours a day, and the work of the department of State contrary to popular report is all completed to date. Not for several administrations has any secretary of state given the time to his work that Mr. Bryan has.

THE JOY OF THE BEATEN PATH.

Rev. James B. Orr.

Last month the pastor of our Sacramento church, four young men and I spent vacation weeks beyond Shasta near Bray. One Sunday, returning from a long tramp on Mount Haight, we sought eagerly a trail, and when my minister friend came upon one he exclaimed: "Oh, the joy of the beaten path!" We agreed that this was an excellent theme; and I give here a brief of a sermon given recently thereon. Texts: "Thou wilt show me the path of life." "I am the way."

The joy of the beaten trail comes in relief from anxiety. You are more or less worried as you climb over fallen

trees, find your feet in wet grass, brush aside manzanita as high as yourself! A trail would save you from this discomfort.

The joy of the Christian beaten path is in its freedom from worry. God shows us the path of life and we are set free from uncertainty as we walk it.

The beaten trail affords the joy of leisure for meditation. While you beat your way through tall shrubbery, or climb along a dry creek bed filled with stones, your mind is concerned with the difficulty of walking and the longing to discover a trail. Consider the joy of mental freedom when one finds his feet treading the well-built path and his thoughts ranging over flowers, trees, birds, squirrels, mountains and clouds! With Wordsworth you wander lonely as a cloud and see a host of daffodils. In such an hour it is not true of you:—

"The world is too much with us. Late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.

Little we see of nature that is ours,

We have given our hearts away—a sordid boon."

If intelligence is the rapidity and scope of our associated memories, then on the beaten, mountain, flower-verged, tree-guarded, song-cheered path, you are most intelligent.

This care-free meditative mood is typical of the Christian pathfinder. The Christian poets find most to admire and enjoy in nature.

We found also a three-fold joy on the beaten path. By walking the trail one shows his appreciation of those whose feet made the way distinct; he maintains the trail for those who will follow; and he broadens the path by using it.

First: Who made this beaten trail? Wild animals picked their way and left their impress; later, domestic animals followed; then man. Thus were the streets of Boston made. But we are daily walking beaten paths in our natures and conduct, made by our animal ancestry. In religious paths we are indebted to those leaders who trod the ways of prayer and faith, praise and affection—noble animals, pioneers, sages; and last of all, the Way Himself, that following Him no one could lose his road.

"Now comes the dawn, the circling earth,

Creatures that fly and crawl;

And man, that last imperial being,

And Christ the flower of all."

Second: We also maintain the trail; we keep it well defined by walking therein. There is keen joy in the conscious maintenance of paths leading to school, library, home and the house of God. And again we improve (we should improve) the path by our footprints. We are treading where the saints have trod; and saints will step where we are walking. The Christian path, begun by the footsteps of the Son of Man, is now a broad, well-built highway. The path of the just widens. California is constructing the state highway; we saw the road while journeying from Weed to Sacramento. God is building a highway for the redeemed, and you see evidence of it everywhere you look.

A supreme joy of the beaten trail is in the assurance that you will arrive. Some years ago I searched on Mount Shasta for a trail. I had visions of staying on the shoulders of that giant all night. But I asked God to show me a path. Instantly my mind was quieted, and following the lead, I came to a well-worn trail. Oh, the joy of the beaten path!

I knew then I could reach Sisson and would not be

shelterless. People anxious about reaching the city beyond lose their concern when their feet press the Applan Way, leading to the Eternal City above. Jesus says: I am the Way, follow Me.

SEPTEMBER DAYS.

W. N. Burr.

It was William Morris who sang:

"What vision wilt thou give me, autumn morn,
To make thy pensive sweetness more complete?
What tale, ne'er to be told of folk unborn?
What images of gray-clad damsels sweet
Shall cross thy sward with dainty, noiseless feet?
What nameless, shamefaced longings made alive,
Soft-eyed September, will thy sad heart give?"

It was The Man Around the Corner who, as he wiped great sweat-drops from his furrowed brow, said, "September is the meanest month in the year in Southern California."

Possibly a less antiquated description of that brow might be manufactured by a clever worker in descriptions, but the corrugations across the anterior part of the roof of that good man's brain-case would certainly have suggested just plain "furrows" to any average mind; and the average mind has its rights, the artistic articulation of some of our modern choir singers to the contrary notwithstanding.

I had heard the same remark from the lips of the wife of The Man Around the Corner only the day before, varied by the change of a word or two. I recall that she said "most trying" instead of "meanest."

"What's the matter with September in Southern California?" I asked. I know more about Southern California Septembers than he does, for have I not plodded through twenty-five of them, while he began his acquaintance with them only ten years ago, fresh from Missouri? I knew, too, that he and his good wife were in the habit of "putting up" quite a supply of these September mots d'usage every fall, to be stored away in their mental "coolers" with other canned commodities, this particular mot to be seldom opened until the next September, when every jar of it was brought forth and freely distributed among neighbors and friends, new and old. I had been treated to a taste of these September pickles from the same larder eight years previous to the September that is now upon us, and every subsequent September up to the present one. I knew what would be coming before I stopped at my good neighbor's the other afternoon; but one must be neighborly, and the man has a heart in him as big as the Heidelberg tun notwithstanding the limited range of his thinking.

"What's the matter with the Septembers out here?" He repeated my inquiry interrogatively before he ventured the answer. "Well, you see, it's getting towards the end of the dry season, and we've had so much heat and dust that we're tired of it. Everything's dried up and burned brown, and we all feel a good deal dried up and burned brown ourselves. You can't leave a newspaper out doors all day without its getting such a coat of tan on it that you have to put it under a strong magnifying glass to get any sense out of it. September's the meanest month in the hull year here, I think, and I reckon I've heard others say the same thing hundreds of times."

My neighbor around the corner is not a "sulky misanthrope" such as Thackeray had in mind when he made Henry Esmond say "The world deals good naturedly with

good natured people, and I never knew a sulky, misanthrope who quarreled with it, but it was he, and not it, that was in the wrong." The man is as good-natured and industrious as a towhee, but his range of thought and expression is limited to a few commonplaces, "golden grains of wit and wisdom hammered into sheets of infinite platitude," to borrow from Motley.

The towhee is apparently rather a dull bird, but it has much to its credit, after all. The same may be said of the good man of the furrowed brow, and of Southern California Septembers. Ninth Month is not our prize pumpkin, nor do we find much inclination among our people to place it upon exhibition, save as it drops into line with the other months of our matchless year of grace. There is some foundation for my neighbor's September criticism, stale though it may be.

But Ninth Month, like many people and conditions that seem comparatively dull and uninteresting, has its attractions for those who feel the urge "out of the narrow life to the peace of the hills and the skies." The Southern California September is somewhat encumbered by the leftovers of two or three of the months that have immediately preceded it—the remains of their heat-waves, their accumulations of multitudinous dust atoms, and the dry, dead weed-stalks that they left behind; but it carries, too, that which is large and inspiring and full of the sap of a strong, rich life.

"Oh, how the sight of the things that are great enlarges the eyes" sings Henry Van Dyke. Does not September bring to view as many "things that are great," according to its opportunity, as any month in the calendar?

The "hills and the skies" are always with us, but does not September invest them with charms that are peculiarly her own? The haze that drapes the mountains is not the bridal-veil mist of the rainy season, nor is it of the royal purple that comes with the earlier days of the summer. It is not even like that which August threw over the shoulders of the giant hills, for it has a smoke-tint all its own, paler, thinner, nearer the point of evanescence. And the September sunsets, and the afterglow—what other month lights up the western skies with the same combination of strong coloring? In general, the spirit of our September seems to be a rather frayed, faded, fagged spirit, genius of the month that has lost its grit; but it is not wholly so.

For, like a worn-out war-horse that once more scents the battle, Ninth Month sometimes becomes "terribly aroused." If the year has bottled up for us a heavy wind-storm the cork is likely to be popping in September. A writer of California verse, Charles Elmer Jenny, who ought to be better known than he is, has given us these breezy lines, headed "September:"

"The leaves had grown idle and listless and lazy
Through all the days of the August vacation.
Said they, 'It's absurd, one must think we are crazy
To slave all day long at fanning creation.
We will rest and not stir for a breeze or a blowing;
We have no intention to even remember
That school and the labor of learning and knowing
Is supposed to begin in the month of September."

"But Old Master Hurry came on them one morning:
'Tis time to be stirring and running and working;
No more of your idling and useless adorning;

I'll see if the laziest among you is shirking.'

So he blustered and shouted and muttered and grumbled,
And how the leaves rustled, and scattered like missiles,
And fluttered and scurried and hurried and tumbled—
For all the world dances when Hurricane whistles!"

One cannot put much virility into a paper on "September Days in Southern California" unless the September winds begin to blow; then, "like a strong man to run a race," September fills the very air with the forceful, the masterful, the electric.

After all, "it depends upon how you look at it," an expression that is becoming commonplace; and it is to our glory that this is true, for it betokens the larger charity, the broader view, the willingness to grant the other fellow a place in the search for truth.

"September is the month that ought to have New Year's Day," writes a thoughtful friend whose year begins when school begins. The "meanest month of the year," from the view-point of the sweat-browed platitudinarian, is the month of beginnings to the man of brain-sweat; the month for "forgetting the things that are behind and stretching forward to the things which are before;" the month of the opening door, of the clearing pathway, of the putting on of armor for the year's steady fight. It is the rally month, the month of flocking in from every whither to a common center, and settling down to "the blessed drudgery that is the secret of all culture." It is the month when human birdlings begin to try their wings; when, possibly, the first break in the family comes as the oldest birdling packs his trunk and flies away to some distant "institution of learning." It is the initial month for many a race that, God grant, may be run nobly from start to finish!

A salmagundi is it, this September sketch—William Morris and the purveyor of flat commonness? the frayed and faded Spirit of the spent summer and the blusterings of Old Master Hurry? the dreamy broodings of poetic fancy and the rush of a new start in school and church, in business and in the social whirl?

Well, that's September!

Pomona California.

THE INDIAN SCHOOLS IN OREGON.

Oregon's Indian population is concentrated on five reservations, Klamath, Salem, Siletz, Umatilla and Warm-springs. The agencies have a number of well conducted schools. The more important are those located at Chemawa and Klamath.

Day schools are increasing in popularity among Oregon Indians. Within recent years a number of boarding schools have been abolished because of increased attendance at the day schools. However, interest in the Chemawa and Klamath establishments is as great, if not greater, than ever before, and this is due to the vocational training taught at these institutions.

Superintendent and other government officials entrusted with the care of Indian boys and girls find that the educational problem differs with locality. In the East, they say, other methods must be applied than those used in the West. Where contact with the white population is more general it is found necessary to bend school instruction to whatever concerns closer neighborhood relationship. In the wider stretches of the West, again, where few white people may be found for many miles suitable ways have to be found for teaching a self-dependence that yet does not neglect the issue of fraternity.

Character Building An Aim.

Speaking of the importance of specializing the course of study to suit local conditions, E. L. Chalcraft, superintendent of the Chemawa Indian school, in a report to the commissioner of Indian schools said:

"Almost every one I presume, will accept the statement that in Indian schools the instructors must assume, largely, the duties of the parent, and use their best endeavors in character-building in all that the term implies, in giving schoolroom instruction in harmony with that in our public schools to a reasonable extent, and in training the pupil in some useful pursuit of an industrial nature. These three divisions have embraced the scope of Indian education from my earliest recollection of the schools, and, as a unit, have shone out prominently and survived through the maze of policies and methods promulgated through successive administrations.

"The course of study in Indian schools is broader than that of our public schools because it embraces everything taught the children; and if I were to state what seems to me should be the special feature running through the whole curriculum, I would unhesitatingly place character-building first, giving it a place in every department of the school around which all other instruction should be massed. The class room work may, I think, be disposed of by giving the rudiments of an English education in connection with developing manhood and womanhood."

Mr. Chalcraft dwelt on the industrial education of the Indian youth and showed how the red men in his district had practically all become land owners following the introduction of the allotment act of 1887. He further said that a readjustment in training had become necessary and that while agricultural teaching was essential, more attention would have to be given the trades.

In so far as concerns the Chemawa school, rapid strides have been made in that connection in recent years. The school now has many departments where the youth can learn blacksmithing, harness-making, carpentry, wagon-making etc. The young women become proficient at house-keeping.

Teaching Economy.

According to leading Indian educators, economy is one thing in the development of the race that needs to be husbanded constantly. The teachers at many of the schools have discovered that there is great wastefulness, except where the closest watch is kept over many of the pupils. W. P. Campbell, assistant superintendent at the Chemawa school, in 1909 submitted a report in which he said some very plain things about his young charges. This was not done from any unkind feeling but because Mr. Campbell thought the facts should be known.

"The Indian, as we all know, is improvident," he said. "Those of us who have been in the Indian service for years, when we see an Indian who has amassed a competency, either by the saving of his heritage or by his industry, are accustomed to point to him with pride and hope that his excellent example will impress itself upon and be followed by his fellows.

"In the early days of the transition to civilization the Indians looked with distrust upon one of their number who husbanded his grain and stock and did not divide it with his friends. I remember a case of this kind that came under my observation in the early eighties at Cheyenne and Arapahoe agency, then in Indian territory. A progressive Indian had put up over 50 tons of hay, and oats

were in stack from nearly 100 acres of land, and he had accumulated a considerable herd of cattle, all of which he held for his own use.

"This was thrift that was not to be countenanced by his fellow tribesmen, so they all migrated to his ranch with their families and remained until his hay and oats had been eaten by their ponies and his herd reduced by themselves. He appealed to the agent who said he was very sorry for him it was a matter that would have to be settled by his people. This is only one case of hundreds where the ambitious Indian endeavored in the early days to break away from the customs of his fathers and adopt the white man's way only to meet with dismal failure.

"The old Indians were taught in their early treatment by the government that thrift and economy were unnecessary. Their reasoning was unique; their logic nearly unanswerable.

"By the treaties of 1868, during which year treaties were made with many tribes, the Indians were to remain peaceably on the reservations assigned to them and send their children to school, and to government was to care for them to furnish rations to the Indians as long as they were not able to care for themselves.

"Old Standing Bear of Rosebud agency and one of the Sioux treaty of 1867 in discussing this treaty with the writer, said: 'Now, I signed the treaty of 1868. By it I promised to live peaceably on our reservation and to send my children to school, and the great father (the President, or the national government) was to care for me and give me rations as long as I am not able to take care of myself. Now I have always been peaceable, lived on our reservation since that time and I have all my children here in this school (Carlisle). Now I am not able to care for myself. I don't propose ever to be able to take care of myself, hence the great father must take care of me.'

"And I believe Uncle Sam did. With this condition and heredity, can we wonder that the Indian of today lacks thrift and knows not the word economy?"

Chemawa Methods Telling.

Of course things have changed greatly since 1868 and even during the last 10 years. Mr. Campbell's arraignment, he would have the public know, is more in the nature of a glance backward, in order that there can be fuller appreciation of what is in store economically for the Indian. The great progress of the Oregon school is based on economic practices and among the advice given by the Chemawa educator is the following:

"One of the fundamental principles that can be taught him (the Indian) is economy of time. Never allow him to waste a minute. Keep him busy all the time. If not at work at play. Teach him to be prompt. If a boy is five minutes' tardy make an example of it.

"A simple example—Supposing you have 47 boys in your classroom. If John Smith is five minutes late, how much time would be lost this morning if all 47 boys of this room were five minutes late? Or go a step farther and ask, 'How much money would they lose if they had been working and were paid at the rate of 20 cents per hour?' There are dozens of ways similar to the above that this could be impressed upon him. Do this not once or twice, but continually, day after day, varying the method so that it will not become wearying or trite.

"Teach him economy in the use of material. He has been accustomed to look upon the great father as the dis-

penser of all things and consequently he is wasteful of government supplies. How can our classroom teachers do this? Shall I say in a hundred ways? Teach him to be economical with his books. Impress upon him the first cost of them. The Indian pupil is very wasteful with paper and pencils, in fact with everything that is given to him by Uncle Sam, or even purchased by himself. Have him exercise economy in the use of paper, using both sides.

"The classroom teacher can extend the same economy with classes of girls in the regulation and government of domestic affairs, especially concerning expenditure and wastefulness. With boys use can be made of the various industries and farming operations."

The Chemawa school is probably the largest in the Northwest. It is situated in a fine agricultural region. Horticulture is among the farm pursuits that have helped to make the Indians self-sustaining. There is an annual enrollment of about 670 pupils at the school.

On Klamath reservation, on the other hand, stock raising is followed almost exclusively. The recent census gave 1061 Indians to the Klamath reservation. They own 2700 head of horses, 3600 cattle, 2000 domestic fowls, 600 hogs and 70 mules. There is only one district near the Klamath lake where farming is carried on to any extent. As a stock raising country it is unexcelled. The school course is in conformity with the character of soil environment.

FEDERATIVE MEETINGS AND CONFERENCES.

The State Federation of Churches of California is arranging a series of meetings and conferences relative to church federation and the common interests of the churches, to cover the important cities of the Northwest and Pacific Coast, beginning at Spokane and ending at Los Angeles to be addressed by Rev. Charles S. Macfarland, Secretary of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. The first will be at Spokane the first week in October.

Dr. Macfarland also comes to the Pacific Coast at the request of the San Francisco Federation of Churches and other interdenominational and religious movements that the Federal Council organize a National Committee of one hundred to conduct religious work in connection with the Panama Pacific Exposition.

A tentative committee of which Bishop Edwin H. Hughes of the Methodist Episcopal Church is chairman is arranging for the convening of this committee.

SKETCH OF DR. CHARLES C. MACFARLAND.

Dr. Macfarland, who is Secretary of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, is forty-five years of age. He spent his early boyhood in manual toil and his young manhood in business life. His first work as a religious leader was as a General Secretary for the Y. M. C. A.

He received his education at Yale and foreign universities. Received the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1899, for work in Semitic languages and Biblical literature.

His pastoral work began in a mission and was noted for evangelistic power. Following this, served a country church, followed by a suburban pastorate, and later on in an important industrial center.

In earlier ministry, was devoted mainly to theological interests and was the author of devotional, theological and exegetical books. Later gave his attention to social prob-

lems, and in his pastorate of the Congregational Church at South Norwalk, Conn., was regarded as the pastor for the whole city and a social leader. Was Chairman of the School Board and held other positions. During this time, spent several periods of study of social movements in Europe.

At Yale Divinity School, as a lecturer and as a member of the Alumni Advisory Committee, was instrumental in introducing important courses in social instructions.

In 1911, became Secretary of the Federal Council Commission on the Church and Social Service. In 1911, became also acting Executive Secretary of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, and for a year filled both secretaryships. At Chicago, 1911, elected Secretary of the Council.

His recent books have been on social themes, his latest one, "Spiritual Culture and Social Service," being remarkable for the blending of deep spiritual elements with social passion.

He is probably associated with larger religious and social movements than any other man in America, and as the secretary of a movement including thirty denominations is the most distinct personal representative of the Protestant Church. Is almost equally identified with social movements, and has been for three years a fraternal delegate to the annual conventions of the American Federation of Labor.

A GLIMPSE OF SOME NEW BOOKS.

"Wheel-Chair Philosophy." By John Leonard Cole. In this little book of 154 pages, there is record of a remarkable human experience which is replete with refreshment. A foreword reads this way: "Some reflections on life, scripture, and events, not formulated in the school of erudition, but painfully evolved in the school of affliction and disappointment, under the loving guidance of the Head-Master, who has been through a course most severe and taken highest degree in the same." They are sent forth "with the hope that some who are grappling with the same difficult problems may find cheer to lighten the task, and encouragement to look up to the Perfect Teacher and on to the prize." A young man who had nearly finished his preparation for the gospel ministry was crushed under a falling derrick, and this book gives his experiences and thoughts as for two years he strove for restoration and to an entrance on that work, every reader will conclude, far better prepared for it than he could have been without that through which he passed. There is nothing morbid in the story as he who experienced it narrates it. It is tonic in effect. It is a book to be commended; one that will do good. That man will preach now out of experience. He knows what he believes and on whom he believes. (Eaton & Mains, New York, 75 cents net.)

"The Men of The Gospels." By Lynn Harold Hough. Brief character sketches of men of whom we read in the gospels by a student of the word and of life. The author concludes his article on John with this: "He left behind him the odor of a beautiful and tender sanctity; and over the life of the church has been diffused a certain noble mysticism which has come from him. When you think about Peter your emphasis is likely to be on Christian action; when you think about Paul your emphasis is likely to be on Christian thought; when you meditate about John, Christian feeling, pure and lofty and serene, begins to pour into your heart. Eaton & Mains, New York, pages 98; 50 cents net.)

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Petaluma.—A most enjoyable Old Time Social was held in the church parlors Friday evening, September 26th. The features of the evening were an old-fashioned singing school and a spelling bee. The church membership is divided into six sections each year and it is the duty of each section to provide an entertainment for the rest of the church. We had the pleasure of having with us on Sunday, the 21st, Dr. Pond, who was pastor of the church forty years ago. His two sermons were greatly enjoyed.

Redwood.—The fifty-first annual meeting of the Congregational church was held on Thursday evening, the 19th of September. Members and friends to the number of 200 sat down to dinner at 6:30 in the Odd Fellows Hall. After a general discussion of the good things provided by the ladies, the annual business meeting was called to order by the pastor, Rev. C. H. Stevens. Reports of the various branches were encouraging, especially is this true in the Sunday-school—a new room has been built to accommodate these classes, and still there is need of more room, and it seems but a question of time when a new and larger church will be needed to carry on the work as it should be done. There have been 89 accessions during the past year—72 on confession; the net gain was 81. Intermediate and Junior Endeavor Societies have been started, and the Senior Society is actively engaged in holding street meetings in nearby towns, visiting jail and County Farm, etc. The King's Daughters is also another agency which is teaching the girls to take up the good work and go forth in His name to help and cheer. The Treasurer reported the expending of over three thousand dollars—\$1,050 had been spent in repairs and \$600 given to charities and missions.

San Francisco, Ocean View.—On Thursday evening, September 25th, 55 young men and boys sat down to a dinner provided by the Ladies' Aid Society. Mr. Hanson, Director of Boys' Work in the San Francisco Y. M. C. A., and 10 young men from his department were guests of the evening. The occasion was the starting of a new movement among the boys of the churches of San Francisco, to be known as the Dunamis Clubs in affiliation with the Y. M. C. A. The plan upon which these clubs are to be organized is unique. To begin with six churches are to be organized, the Ocean View church being the first. The boys and young men are organized in chapters. For example, the "Ocean View Chapter." Each boy joining pays 50 cents per month into the treasury of the Y. M. C. A. The Y. M. C. A. provides a competent gymnasium instructor for one afternoon and one evening class per week in each of the six churches. Each chapter will have the use of the Y. M. C. A. swimming pool once a week. The gymnasium instructor will organize hikes and arrange for camping trips. Each boy will have to attend Sunday-school or join a Bible class. The Y. M. C. A. hopes to provide teachers for these classes. There will be three degrees to be awarded and each boy will be encouraged to pass the examinations for each successive degree in the Dunamis Club. There seems to be great promise in this movement and we look for a rapid spread of this idea in the churches. After the dinner the Y. M. C. A. boys gave a splendid program of songs and recitations and skits.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. Dr. Aked has announced for one of his next Sunday's subjects "The Congregational Creed Contrasted with Ancient Creeds." We infer that reference is to the creed suggested by the "National Council Committee of Nineteen."

Next Monday at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity the address will be by the Rev. Roy Campbell of Palo Alto, subject: "What Portion of a Minister's Work Should Have the Accent of his Time and Energy?"

A great day is anticipated in Plymouth Church, Oakland, next Sunday. The pastor returns this week. His return will be celebrated in several ways. The Sunday-school will have "A Mr. Palmer Day." The chorus choir will sing at both morning and evening service and at four in the afternoon there will be a communion service, at which time several persons will be welcomed into fellowship.

Last Friday while riding in an automobile in Oakland the Rev. Dr. J. H. Williams of Redlands met with a painful accident. Some well-borers had in gross carelessness stretched a wire across the roadway in such a manner that the automobile being driven against it, the glass shield was shattered and the broken glass cut the tendons of Dr. Williams' hands so that only the most skillful surgery will save him from being permanently crippled. At the best both of his hands will have to be in splints for several weeks.

A METHOD AT STOCKTON.

The First Congregational Church of Stockton circulates an attractive little card-folder bearing among other things the following:

"A Welcome Awaits You."

"The steadies keep the Church going, but you can make their burden lighter and honor your own soul.

"We would not change one faithful friend for a new, but we would like to add the new. There must be many nice people in the world whom we have never known. Perhaps you are one—or may be. Perhaps you may find a real live angel among us. Come and see.

"The Church of Christ is still the greatest and the best institution of good work on this side of heaven; it can duplicate every good you ever heard of; it has not lost any power it ever had. Try it; put it to the test; judge it by the standards of God's truth and see.

"It invites the world and it invites you. Come with us and we will do thee good; you may do us good. Who can tell?"

The card and also the Sunday bulletin have the following as to the church:

Defenders of the personality of God;
Disciples of the Holy Spirit;
Supporters of the supremacy of Jesus the Christ;
Instructors from the only book for faith and practice;
Emancipators from mortal mind;
Directors of the road to Health, Prosperity, Happiness;
Correspondents with another world;
Attorneys at the highest court;
Life assurance agents;
Contractors of eugenic marriage—see our Physician;
Demonstrators of the only truth banishing sin, sickness death;

Specialists in the science that is of God;

We offer to the world for faith and practice every good and truth enlightened honesty dares to offer."

In a suggestion to the members to circulate these cards especially among the discouraged and doubting, Mr. Sink, the pastor, says:

"They make great claims, but we have great resources; they make great promises, but we have all the communicable power any one has. We're connected with the greatest Power house."

"Why Does Not The Church Heal?" was Mr. Sink's topic at a recent Sunday evening service. A note in connection with the announcement of this subject: "The pastor will give an answer to this insistent question from the Bible and some overlooked facts. He invites all who do not know how to answer it honestly; he invites all who are troubled or unsettled; he invites all who think the Church has not the power of the apostles; he asks you to bring pencil and note paper and take down the points he will make to compare them with the Bible and facts in the court of your own enlightened reason."

THE CHURCH AT SARATOGA.

W. C. P.

It is always a pleasure to visit this church—a pleasure which fell on me last Sunday. I spoke concerning our Mission, and came away on Monday morning with a cheque for \$70 in addition to \$18.50 which had been previously remitted by the ladies, making a total of \$88.50, which is \$28.50 above the amount apportioned to this church as its offering for this cause.

I listened also to the report of the committee appointed by the church to prepare a suitable response to their pastor's resignation, presented because the approaching departure of his son-in-law and daughter on missionary service in Bulgaria has caused him to feel that he could do good service and be more at home laboring, self-supported, by their side.

This report was unique in its kind: with nothing about it of the merely formal and expected, and I was so sure that it would be of interest even to those readers of The Pacific who may be strangers to the church and pastor concerned, that I requested it for publication. It was in part as follows:

As a church we deeply regret the termination of the harmonious relation that has existed during all these years between pastor and people, which we hoped would continue for years to come.

We must, however, recognize the necessities of the case. We realize that on the departure from Saratoga of Mr. and Mrs. King our pastor would be left without any local home or family ties.

So while most regretfully accepting his resignation, we gratefully acknowledge the good providence of God that sent him to our church and permitted us to enjoy, through these years of his pastorate, his helpful ministry.

In this connection it seems good that we refresh our minds by noting some items of interest and of progress in the life of our church during these past ten and a half years. It is noteworthy that the pastorate that now closes, together with that of Mr. Merrill's immediate predecessor, Rev. W. H. Cross, covers a period of 31 years.

At the beginning of his pastorate the membership of the church was 78. There have been added during the 10 years 149, of whom 77 were on confession of faith. The present membership of the church is 150. During this

period the pastor has delivered 1050 sermons and addresses; talks to children, 470.

The annual contributions of our church ten years ago to missionary and benevolent causes were \$333. Our contributions the past year for like objects were \$890. The average for the ten year period is \$628. Total of such contributions for the 10 years, \$6278.

Each year the church has exceeded in its offerings the sum apportioned to it on behalf of the Congregational societies.

During these ten years our church has in its missionary and benevolent offerings moved up from the 13th to the 9th place in the Northern California Conference. But more than in its contribution of money, the real missionary spirit of the church has been attested in the sending out of its members as missionaries. With the going to Bulgaria of our pastor and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert King we shall have seven representatives on the foreign field.

These things are not mentioned for our self gratulation, but for our encouragement and stimulation in giving of our means and ourselves in His name who gave Himself for us.

In the matter of our offerings for our church support, which is paying what we owe, the aggregate amount during the ten years is \$12,382; making a total of missionary and benevolent offerings, plus current expenses for the ten year period, of \$18,660.

We do well in accepting this resignation to make grateful mention of what this faithful ministry of ten years and more has been to us as a church and people. We rejoice in the fraternal spirit that brings our local churches and pastors into such pleasant and helpful relations, which our pastor has done so much toward fostering. Then as regards his activities in the things that make for the well being of the community in righteousness and temperance, our people owe much to his effective work. He has, with others of our members, extended the special right hand of fellowship to our Japanese brethren.

Only a small part can be suggested here of that which readily comes to our minds and hearts at this time. A word should be said as to our pastor's sermons and addresses, which have been uniformly faithful and edifying and unswervingly true to the Gospel of the Grace of God. They have opened the Scripture to our understanding and our hearts and have magnified Him who is the Light of the World and the Life of men. His Sunday morning talks to children have been interesting and stimulating along the line of the things that are highest and best in life and conduct.

For all these public ministries and the more personal ministrations that we cannot name, but cherish in our hearts, we bring to our pastor as these relations draw to a close our united grateful tribute of regard and affection. We trust that there may be given to him many years of congenial and fruitful work. To whatever field and service he may in the Providence of God be called, we shall follow him with our sympathetic interest and our prayers.

"True bravery is shown by performing without witness what one might be capable of doing before all the world."

There have fallen from us, as we traveled,

Many a burden of an ancient pain—

Many a tangled cord hath been unraveled,

Never to bind our foolish heart again.

—Edward Rowland Sill.

NORTHWEST WASHINGTON NOTES.

Monroe.—F. C. Rolls, pastor. This church is moving forward and the pastor reports a most encouraging outlook. The mid-week prayer meeting is a healthy one and cheers the heart of the pastor.

North Bellingham.—F. D. Nicholls pastor came recently to this church and held a Sunday afternoon rally, assisted by neighboring pastors. The attendance was good and the outlook encouraging. A church will be erected in the near future, the congregation worshipping in a schoolhouse at present.

Arlington.—H. W. Johnson, pastor. The new modern building was occupied for worship September 1. When completed, the church will have an excellent plant for all forms of Sunday school, social and religious work. The dedication will occur in October. During the summer the pastor spent several weeks in the East called by the illness of his father.

Anacortes.—J. Douglas Hudson, pastor. The regular services were maintained all summer with fair attendance. A fine new modern parsonage will be occupied in a few days. During October a bell will be placed in the church. The church members have borne most of the expense and deserve great credit for their faithfulness and sacrifice.

Tolt.—Aaron I. Ferch, pastor. The church has maintained steady progress in spite of industrial depression due to the booming of the town without creating the promised payroll. Six adult members received during the quarter. The membership has doubled under the present pastor. Repairs and improvements have been made and the church has worked bravely to pay adequate support to the pastor. Rally day will be observed.

Bellingham.—Warren Morse pastor. The interior of the Church has been redecorated by the Woman's Society. On the last Sunday afternoon in August twenty of the officers of the church spent four hours in conference over the work of the church for the coming year. This was followed by a council of the church to consider the proposal and important phases of church activity were discussed. A creditable circular letter set forth the matters for discussion.

Snohomish.—R. M. Pratt, pastor. The interest is increasing. The church gave a largely attended reception to the school teachers. The Christian Endeavor Society is publishing its own quarterly program with emphasis upon the Missionary topics. The plans for remodelling the church edifice have been postponed until spring. The institutional work is being organized and the lecture hall has been fitted up with movable gymnastic apparatus. The pastor is arranging for lectures and high-class entertainments during the season. Arrangements are being made for a teacher training class. The Sunday school has a class for each year of the graded lessons. A monthly bulletin adds to the interest in the work.

INLAND EMPIRE NOTES.

By Iorwerth.

All the ministers in Spokane are in their pulpits again and are planning great things for the fall and winter months. Our supreme need is a great spiritual upheaval of the Finney sort that will lead the people to make religion and the church the first thing. We do not need more machinery but more spirituality. The words of Rev. Dr. Herrick, in the last

Congregationalist are very fitting as a warning against undue haste in making changes. "Our fundamental principles of freedom and liberty of the local body, as over against ecclesiastical control, should be maintained at a time when the denominations which have been working under Episcopal control are making great strides toward our Congregational position. Should we not go slowly as a denomination in abandoning in any degree those principles of government toward which the whole Christian world is moving "Those who want more ecclesiastical control should not think it difficult to know where to find it.

Rev. T. H. Harper, D.D., has begun his services as pastor of Westminster (First) church of Spokane. Dr. Harper ministered to the Pilgrim church, Oklahoma city, for 15 years. He has been its only pastor and the growth has been phenomenal. It has a membership of 650, with 736 in the Sunday school, over 100 in the Christian Endeavor Society, and 135 in the Men's club. The Doctor comes to this state with the highest recommendation as a Christian minister, and we are all glad to welcome him as a great acquisition. He has received a most cordial and hearty welcome from the church and congregation, as well as the whole ministry of the city. A reception was tendered him and family in the church last Tuesday evening which was largely attended. One of the City Commissioners gave the address of welcome in behalf of the city; Rev. E. E. Burtner, of Pilgrim church, in behalf of the Congregational churches; Drs. Davis and McFadden in behalf of the Ministerial Association, and deacon J. D. Bassett, in behalf of the church. All the speeches had the warm ring of genuine sincerity. Dr. Harper responded in fitting phrase and made a favorable impression. There was a musical program of a high order and a delicious lunch was served by the ladies of the church. Dr. Harper enters upon his ministry with courage and faith that God will bless him abundantly, and the church is anxious to cooperate with him.

It is pleasant to report that the Corbin Park church, Spokane, has found a pastor so soon. The Rev. Carl Veaxie, of Ione, has entered upon his ministry with this church. Although young he has proved himself an efficient minister of Jesus Christ. Corbin Park church is a field worthy of his metal. The church has a substantial membership of consecrated people; the Sunday school has a large membership with splendid workers, so also the Christian Endeavor Society. The church sustained itself magnificently during the summer though pastorless, and there were splendid summer congregations the Sundays the writer preached to them. We expect great things from this church in the near future.

The Rev. H. L. Preston, of Lincoln Heights church, Spokane, has resigned and accepted a call to the Union church of Bonner's Ferry, Idaho.

Federation is in the air. A few months ago the members of the Methodists and Presbyterian churches of Odesa, Washington, sixty miles west of Spokane, on the Great Northern railroad, began to talk federation. They disbanded with a view of uniting in one church, and the almost unanimous vote was to organize a Congregational church. The organization has been effected and they are looking for a pastor. The town of 1,200 people is the centre of a rich wheat country with the Russian-German predominant who have a strong Congregational church. This is only a prophecy of the transformations that the

people are hungry for. It is our day of opportunity.

The writer is especially interested in the work done on the fields where the foreign and home missionaries began their work in this region. It was gratifying to hear the report of Rev. W. P. Ames, of Springdale, in an informal conference recently held in this city. He has been on the field less than a year but has made himself felt immensely already. The interest of the whole town has been enlisted. There has been a substantial increase in membership and every branch of the work has been strengthened. He has established preaching stations at Camas prairie 8 miles away, where the writer preached under the pines 27 years ago; at Walker's prairie, near the original Walker and Ellis mission and expects to push in among the Indians. Consecrated missionary work tells as ever. Mr. Ames is a graduate of Bates college and Bangor theological seminary, Maine, and has been in the ministry three years.

Rev. M. L. Hutton, has closed his work at Ritzville, Washington and began to serve the church at Pocatello, Idaho.

Rev. J. Edwards, has declined the call to the Rosalia church. They are seeking a pastor and it is a good field.

Rev. Jonathan Edwards, is taking up the work of Rev. D. E. Wilson, in and around Spokane.

The Pomeroy church is still vacant and seeking a pastor. The bureau of supply will be glad to give information. Send to the secretary, Rev. J. L. Keene, Hillyard, Washington.

Whitman College opened last week with the largest freshman class in its history, no less than 125.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

Mrs. A. E. Chamberlain, an Oregon pioneer of 1855, and wife of the second pastor of the First Congregational Church of Portland, Rev. Peasley B. Chamberlain, died on September 15th at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Ida Small, in Lewiston, Idaho. Mrs. Chamberlain, whose maiden name was Abbott, was born in Hatley, Canada, December 27, 1827. In the early fifties she was married to Mr. Chamberlain, a native of New Hampshire and a graduate of Bangor Theological Seminary, and came with him, via the Isthmus of Panama, to this city early in November, 1855, and he preached his first sermon here on the 18th of that month. He served as pastor until March 1863, and after that lived a few months at Forest Grove. In May, 1864, he went to Walla Walla, W. T., with his family, and organized a Congregational Church there on January 1, 1865, the first of that name in what is now the State of Washington. He built the house of worship, costing \$2,000, at his own expense. In all the trying experiences incident to the life of a pastor's wife on the extreme frontier, far removed from her parents and the companions of her youth, Mrs. Chamberlain bore her part most nobly and without complaint, and in so doing was a most effective helpmeet to her devoted husband. Mrs. Chamberlain was the mother of three daughters, two of whom, Mrs. Small, already mentioned, and Miss Marietta Chamberlain, of this city, survive her.

Mr. Chamberlain died in 1889. Beginning on October 15, 1866, he was first principal of Whitman Seminary, Walla Walla, Washington, now Whitman College, assisted by Miss Mary A. Hodgdon, now a resident of Ipswich, Mass., and Miss Emily W. Sylvester, and for a number of

years carried on the school as best he could without other remuneration save the meager tuition fees of the scholars.
Portland, September 28, 1913.

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The Home.

A HAND UPON THE WHEEL.

"To the over-guiding will
My own I gladly yield;
And while my little craft outstands
I sail with orders sealed.

"Sometime, I know not when or how,
All things will be revealed,
But until then, content am I
To sail with orders sealed.

"The salt-sea waves my bulwarks press,
Beneath me yawns the green abyss;
Behind my path, by night and morn,
The fierce wind blows his hunter's horn.

"I am not daunted, for I feel
My steersman's hand upon the wheel."

MAKING OVER A DAUGHTER.

I never realized Ethel's selfishness until she was seventeen, and in her last year at the High School. At any rate I never named it even to my inmost self. I was always making excuses for her "childish self absorption."

Then I opened my eyes to the patent fact that she was no longer a child, but must be judged by the standards of womanhood.

The thought came to me one morning as I stood washing the breakfast dishes after the last half-hour of rush and scramble during which my two boys and their elder sister had got themselves finally off in time to walk into their respective schoolrooms at the finishing stroke of the bell.

A series of moving mind-pictures came before my reluctant eyes to portray my daughter to me in a truer guise than I had been accustomed to see her.

I saw how she escaped the labor of the household, though we kept no servants; how she failed to take any interest in or give any companionship to her younger brothers; and more than all how oblivious she was at all times to her overworked father, whose only leisure time consisted of his Sundays and an hour after supper every night.

Ethel's evening custom was to go straight from the table to her room to study her lessons, or sometimes to take her books to the house of a classmate in the near neighborhood. Two or three nights out of every week there was some party or meeting from which "Daddy" was expected to fetch her when his evening at the store was over.

Her Sundays were taken up with the various outside occupations incident to life in a small town like ours; she

went to church in the morning. Sunday-school and long walks with her companions consumed the afternoon, and she always attended a Christian Endeavor meeting in the evening.

At the table the talk always gravitated to Ethel's affairs, her engagements, her clothes, her studies, and her friends, and of late all the multitudinous things connected with her graduation in June.

My ears seemed to ring, as I drained and dried the plates and cups, with scraps of conversation about Margery Jeffrey's pink muslin for Class Day—"the sweetest thing ever, made with a draped skirt, and lovely let-ins of embroidery," and about Nanny Drew's idea for her Commencement gown—"white of course, but so rich and elegant, with a lot of Irish lace her aunt brought her last year—and Mother, dear, I'm making up an adorable design for each of mine, so you must keep out of it you know, and let me have full sway with Mrs. Dowd. She's a good sort as dressmakers go in little towns like this, but she never has any style or ideas."

Then had come a recapitulation of class pins, and plans for a class banquet, and a class dance, and a class present to the principal.

As I helped my restive boys to their breakfast, I seemed to see, beyond my husband's tired face opposite, with its patient, indulgent smile, a list of expenses connected with Ethel's graduation that amounted to an appalling sum.

We were not poor, nor were we rich—just middling sort of folk who owned our own house and a good dry-goods business. My husband and I had resolved to apply ourselves resolutely and spare no effort until the children were educated and placed in life. We counted no sacrifice a hardship to that end.

Suddenly I was smitten with a distressing conviction that somehow it was high time Ethel began to realize what it all meant.

The old excuse came up—"Oh, well, she's so young—a mere child!" Then the memory of those tired lines in her father's face stopped me. When I'd finished my morning work I said to myself: "I'll go and see Uncle Obed! Maybe I'm getting morbid. Anyhow, he'll know how to straighten me out!"

My great-uncle Obed was an old man to whom every one turned instinctively in times of trouble or perplexity. I found him, as I expected, in his little study reading his Bible.

He smiled up at me over his silver-rimmed spectacles and motioned me to that chair opposite his from which so many sorrows and problems had been revealed to his wise old eyes. He opened the question at once.

"What's it all about, Maria? You look worried!"

"I am—it's about Ethel!"

When I had advanced into a nervous jumble of half confession of her faults, mixed with a motherly stream of excuses, he stopped me.

"I know, my dear, I know! You've only just found out that with all her pretty ways and winning looks our Ethel is a selfish little egotist!"

I made a horrified attempt to soften this harsh saying, but he would have none of it.

"That's just the name of the disease, Maria—a disease quite common with the young. It is entirely curable, if we recognize it in time and don't flinch from calling it by the right name.

But why, I argued, should my daughter, whose religious teaching in church and Sunday-school and the home had been continuous since she could comprehend any teaching at all—why should my girl, with such instruction, be selfish! He looked at me pityingly.

"That's just it! It was the teaching of precept only—and example"—he lifted my gloveless, work reddened hand from my lap and patted it gently—"daily and hourly example, my dear niece—I will admit—but even that won't do!"

I'm afraid I was dangerously near to tears as I asked desperately what I should do then. Wherein had I failed in my daughter's training?

Uncle Obed stared past my head, out of the window and up into the blue sky for a long time, as if he were reading the answer there.

"Precept—example!" he said at last. "Yes, they come first, as a foundation, but the foundation is not the house! Precept and example, Maria, is not all there is of teaching. You couldn't turn out a doctor, or a lawyer, a trained nurse, or a seamstress, or a farmer, on that plan.

"The only way to learn to do anything is to do it! Little by little you have to make your children do the things you want them to learn with hand and brain; why should it be different with their souls?"

"All the years of her life you and your husband have been spending yourselves in services for Ethel, never expecting her to give any service to you or any one else. Your very unselfishness has robbed her of her only way of winning the same virtue!

"Don't blame the child too much, for the responsibility is, after all, mainly with the parents. Just go home, my dear, and think it over—the cure will suggest itself to a sensible woman like you!"

I took Uncle Obed's advice, and I also took time enough to digest it, with the result that I changed my whole point of view about Ethel. From that day to this I have blessed Uncle Obed for the new light he gave me.

The first reform came hardest on me. I insisted that Ethel could not go to school until she had done her share of the morning work, and since beds must have time to air, her portion should be the down stairs dusting and the clearing of the breakfast table.

The hour immediately following the evening meal and the dish washing, at which I now required her assistance, I asked her henceforth to devote to her father, when he wanted her, or to the entertainment of her young brothers. From eight o'clock on, the evening was to be hers, but not before.

On Sunday afternoons I arranged that she took her walks with her father, and by degrees I put on her shoulders more and more of the errands at the store or the market and required her to keep the expense account.

It took all the tact I could muster to work these changes gradually and yet effectively, so that the result should be accomplished without too fretting a sense of hardship. Now and then, if I felt indisposed, I called on Ethel to get the breakfast or cook the Sunday dinner.

Each burden I placed on those dear young shoulders wrung my heart with fresh pain. It would have been so much easier and pleasanter to do the task myself, but I stuck to my course, being convinced that Uncle Obed's way was right.

It was not long before the reward began to come. Ethel

softened and sweetened visibly, and grew more considerate and affectionate to us all, responding insensibly to that law that is as old as the world, that what we work for and make sacrifices for we come to love with protecting tenderness.

At the close of the school year it really seemed that a new Ethel had replaced the old one.

She graduated with honors, and she looked very lovely to our proud parental eyes in her gowns for Class Day and Commencement. She had all the pins and furbelows that went with the occasion too, for we felt that she deserved them, and when it was all over she announced her momentous scheme to our surprised ears.

"Daddy dear," she said, "I want you to give me one thing more—a term at the business college! When I get through with that I'm going into the store to keep your books—no more midnight writing of accounts for you after that! You and mother have been working altogether too hard, and I'm going to put my shoulder to the wheel now and help till the boys get through school!"

She had her way. I wish I could tell the story of those next five years, of how our daughter changed from day to day, with her added responsibilities, from the pampered child of our mistaken devotion to be almost the prop and dependence of our family life.

The real selfishness that most often lies behind the egoism of childhood and youth is the selfishness of the parents.

Busy with the material care of feeding and clothing and ministering to the pleasure of their children, they are either blind or they shirk the duty of training them to serve others.

Mothers too often do as I did, working themselves almost to death to save their daughters from labor of the hands, or sacrifice of time or of finery.

Those are selfish mothers and they are turning out selfish and incompetent wives, actually robbing their children of the chance to be useful and happy!

Ethel is married now, and she has a family of little children, in the bringing up of whom I trust she will profit by our blunders as well as our successes.

Things have gone well with us as a family, and I shall always feel that no small share of that success do we owe to our splendidly efficient daughter, whose trouble in her early girlhood her great-uncle Obed so truthfully diagnosed as that of "a selfish little egoist!"—Annie P. Searling, in the Woman's Magazine.

For The Children.

JACK AND THE PHOEBE BIRD.

Mrs. Phoebe Bird wanted to build a nest under the eaves of the extension roof, but Jack had the measles in the second story-back bed-room, and his bright little face at the window seemed to disturb the nest-builder.

"Is she afraid of catching the measles?" Jack asked, when the decision about the nest hung in doubt.

"No, I don't think it's that. Perhaps she's afraid of you. You see she doesn't know you very well yet."

"Then I'll hide behind the curtains and watch her from here," Jack said.

This ruse proved successful. Every little while Mrs. Phoebe Bird would light on the eaves and cock her head

sideways to peer up at the window. There was no face to be seen, for Jack was behind the curtains, and after two days the bird decided it was safe to begin building.

Just under the eaves was a rafter, and between that and the side of the house Mrs. Phoebe Bird had built her nest for three successive seasons. So she felt she had a right to the place, as indeed she had.

Jack watched her building, and he nearly forgot he had the measles and was forbidden to go out and play with the other boys and girls. Always he stood back of the curtain, so as not to frighten the nest builder.

"Mamma, the nest is nearly finished," he announced one day, with great glee.

"Yes, all except the furniture," was the answer of his mother.

"The furniture? Do birds have furniture in their nests?"

"Yes, nice, soft, downy couches and beds made of hair and fur, and carpets of wool and silk. See, there is Mrs. Phoebe bringing in a piece of silk. I wonder if she's going to weave that into a floor mat or a bed."

Jack nearly frightened the bird away in his eagerness to watch her.

"Oh, I see what you mean," he whispered. "She's finishing off the inside of the nest with nice, soft, fluffy stuff. Where do you suppose she gets all the silk and wool and cotton?"

"She finds it everywhere. It may be that piece of silk was a part of your necktie that you threw away, and I know she has a piece of my old woolen shawl woven in the nest. I saw her pick it off the ground where I had been cutting off some ravelings from it."

Jack clapped his hands with delight. Just then he had no idea that he was sick or had been sick.

"I'm going to help build her house, then," he said, "I want to put something in it. Where's my ball of silk? I'm going to unravel some pieces from it."

The ball of silk was found, and Jack unwound a few pieces and dropped them out of the window on the eaves. The next day they were gone, and he could see the bright scarlet marks of them in the nest.

"I'll give her more today," Jack said.

But he felt a little weak the rest of that day, and he had to lie down. He was awakened from his slumbers by a pecking noise at the window. He got up and stole softly to it.

The cause of the noise surprised him. He had left his ball of silk near the window, and somebody had closed the sash on it, but one long end of silk dangled outside.

Mrs. Phoebe Bird was tugging away at this end of silk as if trying to carry it away. Jack smiled at the bird's frantic efforts. The silk was too tough to break, and the bird wouldn't leave without it.

For a few minutes Jack watched the bird from behind the curtain. Up and down the little creature fluttered, jerking and pulling at the silken string. She pecked at the window as if to call his attention to her difficulties, and flopped her body heavily against the side of the house.

Jack was afraid she would hurt herself. So he decided to break off the end of the silk, and softly open the window. He was afraid the bird would fly away if she saw him, and he worked very carefully.

Suddenly Mrs. Phoebe Bird flopped harder than usual against the window, and then rested there as if exhausted. Her bright eyes peered through the glass and saw Jack.

For a moment both were quiet. The bird did not attempt to fly away, and Jack watched her without attempting to open the window. As the boy looked he saw something that startled him. The silken string was wound around the bird's neck and body, and the end of it seemed to be caught in her bill. She was not trying to pull the string away now, but to escape from its entanglement.

"O," Jack exclaimed breathlessly.

Then softly, gently, he raised the window, holding to the ball of silk as he did so. Mrs. Phoebe Bird looked up at him, ready to fly away. But Jack's face must have seemed friendly, for she decided not to leave.

Jack broke the silken string, and released the bird. The cause of the trouble was a slit in the bird's bill. The string had caught in this, and in trying to pull it out Mrs. Phoebe Bird had twisted it around her neck and body until she was a prisoner.

When Jack had freed her she chirped and flew away to her nest, for she was considerably frightened and tired. From her nest she looked up at the boy as if to say, "I know you wouldn't hurt me."

It was six weeks before Jack was out again. By that time the nest was finished, and three little eggs deposited in it. Jack came to the window every day to watch his friend, and he didn't have to hide behind the curtains.

Mrs. Phoebe Bird wasn't afraid of him any more, and she even consented to be fed by the boy. Every day Jack threw down food to her, and when the four little Phoebe Birds appeared he made friends with them and fed them, with their mother's consent.

"I don't think it's so bad to have measles," he said to his mother when he was pronounced cured, "if you can have Phoebe Birds for friends. Are you sure they don't ever get the measles?"

"Quite sure, Jack. They have their troubles, but not the measles."

Jack was quite content, and when he returned to his playmates he boasted of the little friend who had kept him company during those long weeks of sickness. It was a great thing to know that birds never had the measles, no matter how much exposed to them they might be.—Geo. E. Walsh.

BABY SEED SONG.

Little brown brother, oh! little brown brother,
Are you awake in the dark?
Here we lie cosily, close to each other;
Hark to the song of the lark—
"Waken!" the lark says, "waken and dress you;
Put on your green coats and gay,
Blue sky will shine on you, sunshine caress you.
Waken! 'tis morning—'tis May!"

Little brown brother, oh! little brown brother,
What kind of a flower will you be?
I'll be a poppy—all white, like my mother;
Do be a poppy like me.
What! you're a sunflower? How I shall miss you
When you're grown golden and high!
But I shall send all the bees up to kiss you;
Little brown brother, good-bye.

—E. Nesbit.

The youth whose soul is not imbued with the truth of God is an intellectual starveling.

THE DISHWASHING GAME.

On Monday, before I go to school,
I wash the dishes—it's mother's rule—
So sister can sort the clothes.

To help me get them quickly done,
I've made up a game that's lots of fun
And here is the way it goes.

The forks are voyagers, and their wives
Are the tablespoons and the silver
knives;

The teaspoons are babies wee;
Each platter, saucer and cup's a boat
In which the dish-pan fort they float—

They're shipwrecked when out at sea.
The soapuds' breakers dash fierce and
high,

But all hands are saved and rubbed till
dry;

The wrecks are towed in to shore
In closet harbor they safely stay

Till sailing on another day

They bravely embark once more.
And washing dishes in this way
Is nothing but fun. And I always say

And mother agrees with me,
"If work's on hand, it's a splendid plan
To do it the jolliest way you can."

Just try it yourself and see
—Good Housekeeper.

The ex-summer girl was talking to
the ex-college man.

"And what are you going to do, now
that you have completed your educa-
tion?" she asked.

"Oh, I think I'll live on my income,"
he answered airily.

"I am disappointed in you. Live on
your income, indeed! Why don't you do
some great deed to show the world how

clever you are?"

"My dear young woman, if I succeed
in living on my income it will be the
cleverest deed any man ever accomplish-
ed."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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